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Weimar

The Athens of Germany

By R. W. MOORE

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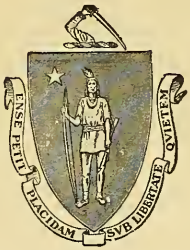

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GOETHE-SCHILLER MONUMENT, WEIMAR

WEIMAR

The Athens of Germany

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Weimar, the Athens of Germany

R. W. Moore

TO the traveler who knows little or nothing about German literature, the quaint old town of Weimar is of very little interest; but to one acquainted with the classical period, it is one of the most attractive places in all Germany. In calling Weimar the "Athens of Germany," we need not go far back into the history of the city, and we need pay but little attention to it during the past three quarters of a century. In fact, the term can be applied to it for very little more than three decades, and these years are all within the active, vigorous part of the life of Germany's greatest poet and thinker—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

The removal from Frankfort to Weimar marks a great change in the life of Goethe, just as such a change in the life of any man of twenty-six, marks a turning-point in his development. His life of receptivity at once passed into one of activity. He was impelled to impart, to teach, to command. A position was open calling for all his ability and resources. In exchanging Frankfort for Weimar, the difference was greater than in the removal of contemporary Germans from

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the fatherland to America. At present, distance is of little importance, but then the shortest trip was called a journey. He was a southwest German, and the Rhine was his native stream. Life in the Rhine valley is brisk, stirring, and out-of-doors. The land is rich and luxuriant. Rich, independent nobles, rich merchants and rich country people gave tone to the whole region.

Thuringia, on the other hand, was poor. Men lived at home and studied economy. Frugality was everywhere respectable, and the government officers, living quietly and modestly, gave tone to society. Frankfort was the center of a stream of people constantly passing to and fro; while Weimar was a small, out-of-the-way town. The Frankfort houses were palaces compared with the little homes of Weimar. Goethe was accustomed to the bustle of a great city, to hurrying crowds and lively traffic; in Weimar, the streets were almost deserted. The pitiable impression which the city made at that time, with its walls and ditches and ruined castle, the poet speaks of many a time.

Of very small extent indeed is the little duchy of Saxe-Weimar; yet with the exception of Berlin, there is probably no capital or court in all the empire of which the whole nation is so proud. And why are they proud of this quaint little town, rather resembling a country village with a large

From Trippel's Original in the Weimar Library

GOETHE

park than a capital with a court and all courtly appointments? Neither the town nor the state has any important trade; their commerce is small; the manufactures are few; the political interests are at a low ebb; educational matters are not prominent; the theological wars that once raged there have become stilled; and the city is neither a fashionable watering-place nor a summer resort. The area of the whole kingdom is scarcely more than that of Rhode Island, with a population but little larger than that of Detroit or Cleveland, or Buffalo, and the income of its generous prince was so absurdly scant that he frequently sold a ring or other jewel to provide means for some struggling poet. Weimar even to-day is quiet and simple; and although the buildings are old, there is little of the picturesque architecture that pleases the eye in most other old German cities. A transient visitor to whom its bygone glories have little interest would grow tired of the place; but he who remains will soon discover the charm of its quiet, simple streets and its pleasant paths. Progress during the past century has been slow; yet the Weimar of to-day is quite different from that of Goethe's days. When as a visitor he entered the city in 1775, the walls were still standing; gates and portcullis still spoke of days of warfare. These walls surrounded six or seven hundred houses, and probably about seven thousand peo-

ple. The gates were closely guarded, and no one entered without giving strict account of himself.

Such, in brief, is a picture of the Weimar of a hundred years ago. Many things that we have long regarded as absolutely necessary were unknown. Highways were few and far between; mile-stones were unknown, although there were occasional finger-posts. Public conveyances were of the rudest sort; speed was a matter of no concern; letters from Berlin to Frankfort required nine days, while they are now carried in about half a day. The little traveling that was done was largely on horseback. And what must have been the condition of the inns, where a traveler was so rare? The household furniture, even of the wealthy, was of the most simple and common kind. Honored guests were received in the parlor, which had a sort of Sunday splendor; and no matter what the time of day, the visitor was always served with some kind of refreshment, and this good custom has not entirely died out in Germany to-day. Gold ornaments and even silver plate were seldom seen, and the modern dinner service of silver, glass, and china was unknown. When we comprehend that even the nobility for the most part ate from pewter dishes, we can possibly understand the difference that time has made.

Side by side with these external differences,

From the Portrait by Jaeger

GOETHE

THE DUCAL RESIDENCE

Where Goethe was so intimate during the first few years in Weimar

there was a far more important internal difference. In Frankfort, although not a nobleman, Goethe was of one of the first families. He was a veritable prince among all the young people — handsome, and a leader in all that was going on. He was a promising lawyer, and a man of already great literary power. Although restless and always striving for progress and development, he was firmly established amid advantageous circumstances, which he thoroughly understood, and with which he was able to deal. In Weimar, however, his position was entirely different — one that he had to define and establish. He was now placed amid haughty noblemen, as friend, adviser, minister, and educator of a prince not yet twenty years old. He soon won and ever enjoyed the absolute confidence of both the duke and the duchess; from the very beginning he became established in the closest intercourse with the duke's household, and before long became indispensable to all the family councils.

It is quite evident that Weimar life in general was far from being sumptuous; yet there was a marked contrast between the life of the common people and that of the aristocracy. Above the common people were the middle class and the aristocracy. In grandeur, magnificence, and in historical or political importance, this little court was petty enough in comparison with the one at Berlin or

London. But it had the same court intrigues, the same ambitions, and the same agitations as the larger centers. Ministers, army, chamberlains, pages, and courtiers were all there, and court favor or disfavor was just as productive of joy or grief as in the imperial court. The petty army of six hundred men and fifty cavalrymen had its war department, war minister, secretary, and clerk.

Such, in general, was the condition of Weimar when Goethe, at the age of twenty-six, came there on a visit,— a visit that lasted nearly sixty years. At this time no one would have thought of calling it the "Athens of Germany;" but within twenty-five years no one would have objected to its being so called.

Next we must consider some of the personages prominent in this secluded little court. In 1756 Duke Constantine married Anna Amalia, a niece of Frederick the Great. The next year their first son, Karl August, was born, and the year after that the duke died, leaving his widow, not yet twenty years of age, the sole guardian of her children and regent of the dukedom. With heroic courage she resolved to execute the duties of her office, and she succeeded wonderfully well. The education of her two sons was a difficult task, and the molding of their characters was far from easy. Karl August early displayed his

Meyer Einsiedel Duchess Amalia Herder
Goethe Fräulein v. Göchhausen

EVENING PARTY WITH DUCHESS AMALIA

desire for ruling, and all his mother's energy was often required to oppose her son's wilfulness. Finally he was of age, and his mother, turning the government over to him, retired to private life.

Chief among her excellent qualities was her knowledge of men, and her keenness in choosing the right men for important places. This is especially true in her choice of Wieland — professor, translator, and poet — as tutor to her sons. He had already made quite a reputation at the neighboring University of Erfurt, and had written a book on the education of princes. This work pleased the duchess, and Wieland was invited the next winter to a ball in Weimar, and there she had a long interview with him, which finally led to his coming to Weimar in 1772. From that time on his advice in the ducal family was always highly esteemed, and his literary talents made him one of the foremost men there.

In addition to her keen insight into human nature and to her business abilities, Anna Amalia had wonderful ease and grace in social intercourse. She had a bright and cheerful disposition, enjoyed life thoroughly, delighted in benevolence, and possessed the art of winning people's favor. She was well educated, and was an agreeable companion for thinkers and artists. She was herself an artist, a musician, a lover of

the theater; and furthermore she was still young, and delighted in genial society. Goethe came to visit her son, who was eight years his junior, and she at once appreciated him and his value to Karl August.

Goethe was a novelty in Weimar. He knew nothing of the court intrigues that had annoyed the duchess during the regency. He was young, and if the young prince were to be influenced by a friend, this friend must also be young. He had a broad intellect, which would enable him to impress Karl August, and he was not only acquainted with the new ideas, but saw far beyond them. He was well educated, acquainted with all the broadening influences of city life, and his bright disposition would make him enter into the pleasures of life that had such attraction for the young duke. The duchess saw all this, and at once determined to keep the young poet in Weimar. In this she was ardently supported by her adviser, Wieland.

Thus was begun the friendship between these two men. It was an attachment which through fifty years of mutual service and love proved the genuineness of both their characters. The first few months were given up to the wildest scenes of frivolity, and although Goethe was eight years older than the duke, and had passed the age of such actions, his own joyful nature led him to

WIELAND

THE WIELAND STATUE

participate in all the amusements of his friend. This young duke, whom Frederick the Great called at the age of fourteen the most promising prince of his acquaintance, had a mixed, yet admirable character. He appreciated genius, and knew how to retain the noble men he drew to his court. He was always active, keeping his eyes on all the interests of his dukedom, and strove to improve the condition of his people in every way possible. His tastes were of the most simple nature, and in this Goethe was like him; and one of the duke's greatest pleasures was to sit night after night in some simple apartment with his poet friend, talking of philosophy, poetry, and other refining subjects.

The duke knew very well that he was overstepping all precedent when he appointed Goethe to a place in the privy council, and later made him president of the chamber. This action startled the whole court; to put a man not of noble birth in such a position was likely to upset the whole dignity of the dukedom. But Goethe settled down, and so did the duke; and for ten years the man who had come as a guest gave his best energies to the affairs of government, and at the end of that time everything was in better shape than it had been before.

Between these two men there were differences in age, in social position, and in intellectual en-

dowments. Both knew perfectly well that Goethe was the stronger and the leading power — a relation that the duke never tried to alter. While on both sides court formalities were respected, they were formalities only. Each felt that he could give to the other what no one could give to either; the duke knew that he could have no truer, no clearer-minded councillor, and Goethe felt that under no circumstances could he find a better opportunity for his noblest powers. This relation was the most pure and the most profitable to them both, and an ignoble suspicion never forced itself between them. No serious attempt was made to interrupt their intercourse, and to their latest breath, their friendship continued.

Any detailed account of the various activities that occupied his time during this first decade in Weimar can not be given here, but in general it may be said that during this period, or in his later life, no important move was considered and undertaken without Goethe's previous knowledge and co-operation. He never treated even the details of any business matter as of secondary importance; he entered into all sorts of projects with the utmost care, gave them unwearying attention, and labored for the welfare of the country in all directions; and it might be added that there is no case on record where the following of

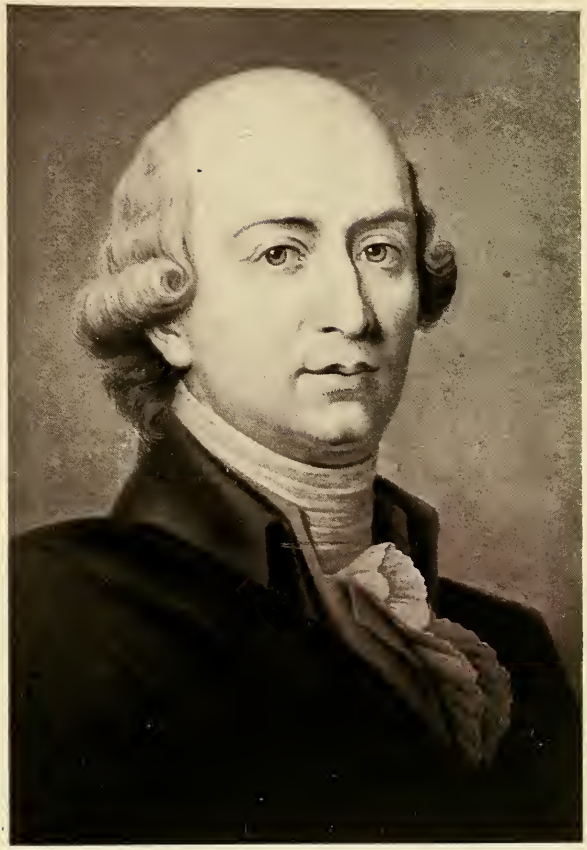
KARL AUGUST AND THE BARK HOUSE

Goethe's advice led to bad results. Goethe led his friend so that the lives of both of them developed in its own peculiar way. During it all, however, Goethe felt that this kind of work was not suited to his nature and capacities, and he began to seek a way of withdrawing from the actual work of the government, without in any way destroying the relation he had established.

Just as rapidly as the duke developed in ability to manage the government, just so cleverly did Goethe plan for his own release from the trying duties of official life. Finally, when the situation was ripe for action, he brought about the change without the slightest injury to his relations with the duke, and all matters were nicely adjusted between them. With the duke's knowledge and approval, but without telling any one else of his plans, he left for the south, and it seems as if the parting was really the retiring from office. The letters from Rome seem to show that he wanted testimony on record that he had retired in the conventional way. It is a sort of an acknowledgment that the duke had reached his majority. His plan was to spend some time in Rome, and then return to his adopted home, as a free man, and, as a friend of the duke, to enter a self-chosen sphere of business activity, which, while allowing him opportunity to wield an influence, should at the same time leave him plenty of time

and energy for his own pursuits. He had become the center and soul of intellectual life in Weimar, and in all Germany. Through his influence, Karl August had developed a desire to gather around him the leading intellectual men of Germany; and when the pastorate of the church became vacant, it was perfectly natural that Herder, whom Goethe had learned to value during his days at Strassburg, should be called to the position. The man and the position were suited to each other, and Herder passed the rest of his life there in a service that was very beneficial for the church, for religion, for philosophy, and for literature.

He broke away from his duties, and spent two years in Italy; and on his return in 1788, devoted himself almost exclusively to the literary career that differs from any other in the world's history and which is surpassed by none. Wieland and Herder had established a wide reputation for their intellectual work; Goethe's new works raised him still higher, and the three formed a nucleus around which all the other lights of Germany seemed to cluster. They all worked on with devotion; Goethe and Schiller, who at this time was a professor of history at the neighboring university of Jena, gradually became intimate, and their attachment soon grew to a devotion for each other. The year 1794 may be



HERDER

regarded as the time when the two became united, not merely as friends, but also as partners in literature. A little later, Schiller came to Weimar to live, and the bond between the two was more closely sealed than ever. Now the quartet was complete,— Goethe and Schiller, Herder and Wieland, the four literary giants of the Fatherland. Here at the court of the Muses, they worked and wrote in harmony until death took Herder in 1803, Schiller in 1805, and Wieland in 1813, leaving Goethe to spend the last twenty years of his life almost alone. With these four should be mentioned once more Karl August, whose liberality brought these men to Weimar and kept them there, and whose devotion to Goethe lasted until his own death in 1828.

To the names already mentioned should be added those of three women, who were in various ways influential in this circle of Weimar personages. Side by side with the Duchess Amalia is the merry and sprightly little humpbacked Göchhausen, her maid of honor. She was a great favorite of the duchess and of Karl August, with whom she was constantly engaged in combats of wit. She enlivened all their social events, and was constantly in correspondence with notable people in other places. She was intimate with Goethe, and long corresponded with his mother. The young duke was her object of adoration, al-

though he tormented her constantly by playing all sorts of tricks on her.

Corona Schröter was a remarkably beautiful and accomplished woman, whom Goethe had met when a student at Leipzig. Soon after coming to Weimar, he went with the duke to Leipzig, and saw her again in one of her performances on the stage. The two men were so much impressed with her work that she was at once induced to come to Weimar, where she soon became the grace of their private theatricals, and was the original impersonator of Iphigenia. Karl August called her "marble beautiful, but marble cold;" but Goethe said,—

> "She, like a flower, opens to the world."

She was a good declaimer, learned in music, skilled in playing the piano and in singing, and was a painter of considerable skill.

> "The muses lavished on her every art.
> And, gently awed, you feel in her combined
> What is ideal in the artist's mind."

To Frau von Stein must always be accorded a prominent place among the foremost people of Weimar at this time. Numerous indeed were Goethe's flirtations before he came to Weimar; but here developed an attachment that surpassed all the others, one that lasted for a decade, and one that exerted a many-sided influence on his life and development. Frau von Stein, lady of honor,

FRAU VON STEIN

and wife of the duke's master of horse, was a person of considerable importance. She was the mother of seven children, in the prime of life, at the age of thirty-three, and her portrait tells of strong power locked up in her coquettish features. She sang well, played well, sketched well, was a charming conversationalist, was well versed in poetry, knew how to handle sentiment with the most delicate tact, and was acquainted with the contents of many a serious book. She very soon became one of the strongest influences in Goethe's life, inspiring much of his best poetry, calming and quieting him by her presence, soothing the agitations of his heart by her voice. He became devoted to her, and she permitted it, as the perfectly natural thing, yet without in any way disturbing her perfectly established position among her children, and at the side of her husband.

We have now to look into the town of a hundred years ago, at the circumstances of the people, and at some of those personages who made Weimar the center of literary activity, and a place to which all persons interested in literature turned. It is entirely beyond the scope of the present paper to give even a brief biography of these great men, but we can say that here blossomed, bloomed, and ripened the great classical period of German literature. The literature before this period was produced elsewhere, and the

great literary movements that have succeeded the classical period have had other centers.

It was in Weimar that Wieland taught the princely pupils, published the *German Mercury,* the leading literary periodical of that time, and wrote his "Oberon," of which Goethe says: "As long as poetry is poetry, gold gold, and crystal crystal, 'Oberon' will be loved and admired as a masterpiece of poetic art." Here it was that Herder, for over a quarter of a century, preached and wrote. While he was leading his people in spiritual matters, he was teaching them the beauties of the poetry of distant people in his "Voices of the Nations in Song," and here he published his great poem, "The Cid," treating of the old Spanish hero. And here the other two, the poet pair, crowned the whole history of German literature with matchless products in prose and verse. To enumerate them here is impossible. I must mention but "Egmont," "Torquato Tasso," "Faust," and those countless gems of lyric poetry which have made Goethe the chief lyric poet of all ages and peoples. And I dare not pass over Schiller's numerous ballads, of which the "Song of the Bell" is justly most popular, his "Wallenstein," "Maria Stuart," "Maid of Orleans," and "William Tell," a series of historical dramas with which no other literature, except our own in Shakespeare's works, has anything to compare.

THE HOME OF FRAU VON STEIN

Here occurred a phenomenon in literary history, which never before or since has occurred in Germany, and I think I might add anywhere else,— the ripening of centuries of upward development, coming suddenly, and in the work of four men gathered about a poor, but generous prince, in a little country town. The period stands out clear and distinct. The leaders of the Romantic movement had headquarters elsewhere; the poets of the War of Liberation knew little of Weimar, except that it was the home of Goethe, who apparently had little respect for their aims and ideals. Those who devoted their hearts and pens to the unification of Germany lived in the South, on the Rhine, and in the North. The singers of the German victories of 1870–71 found their abode in Berlin.

However, Weimar has not been forgotten. Germans and travelers from every clime delight to pay homage to her bygone glory and to the men who made it; and now, just as the tourist and scholar visit Athens, not for what she is now, but for what she was centuries ago, so let us go for a little while to this Western or German Athens and visit the places made sacred by the genius of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, and Herder.

Alighting from a modern railroad, a few steps carry us into a modern part of the city, occupying land that in Goethe's day was farm land

and meadow. We come to the modern museum, among whose chief treasures are articles that remind the visitor of Weimar's palmy days and lauded men. Just before we reach this we pass a soldiers' monument in memory of the men of Saxe-Weimar who fell in the war of 1870–71. This part of the town is regular, the streets are broad, and the buildings modern, all telling us that the place has grown, and now is three times as large as it was in Schiller's days. Soon, however, we come to narrow, winding streets, and find ourselves among the haunts of Weimar's great. First is the court church, one of those churches where theological discussions were hotly carried on. Here Luther uttered his thunderbolts against the sale of indulgences, which Tetzel had been advertising from windows on the square just south of the church. Under the altar lie the remains of Herder, and over his grave is a plain slab with his motto: "Light, Love, Life." Back of the altar is Lucas Cranach's famous portrait of Luther. Just south of the church is a large bronze statue of Herder, created on the scene of his labors by admiring Germans from all countries. This also bears his motto: "Light, Love, Life." Moving on a little distance, we come to the parsonage, with the inscription over the door: "Here lived, worked, and died, Herder."

From Dannecker's Original in the Weimar Library

SCHILLER

By far the most interesting place in the city is the Goethe house, where the poet lived during more than the last forty years of his life. It is a large, genuinely German dwelling-house with a broad front. It was built partly after Goethe's plans, and presented to him by his royal friend and patron. After his death it remained closed for several decades, but was finally given to the state by Goethe's grandson and last descendant, who died in 1885. The following year it was opened as a National Goethe Museum, a sort of national shrine, where through future generations this hero-loving nation may pay their national tribute to the poet of the world.

The house has been restored as nearly as possible to the condition it was in during his life there. Climbing up a broad staircase constructed after Goethe's own plans, and adorned with statues and pictures, we enter the large hall containing numerous portraits of the poet, of his family, of the ducal family, and of numerous friends. In cases between the windows are numerous relics, medallions in honor of the poet, the badges with which he had been decorated from the hands of princes, rings, and other ornaments, and his own collection of antique gems. His watch is there, and locks of his hair at different times in his life, one a little curl that his mother had kept from his babyhood days. There are bunches of old pens,

worn out in recording "Faust" and "Hermann and Dorothea," any one of which would bring a good price from reverential visitors, but the state regards them as too valuable to sell. Prayer-books, little presents made to the poet in boyhood, autograph albums in which his boyish hand had written verses, and trinkets he had worn, are abundant.

Next we enter the Juno room just as it was when Goethe left it, with the same furniture and wall decorations and the same details. There is the piano upon which Mendelssohn played for the poet. There are busts of Goethe and his wife, and numerous gifts, among others those from the city of Frankfort and from English friends. Of especial interest are several drawings made by the poet himself, telling us that he was skilful with the pencil as well as with the pen. A neighboring room contains busts of Byron, a favorite of Goethe and of Germans in general, of Herder, and Wieland, and numerous other Germans of renown. There are also several death-masks, among them Schiller's, Lessing's, and one of the poet's grandchild. Close by is a plain, bare little room; no busts and no portraits interest us there; but when we remember that here it was that the poet held communion with himself and nature, and that from this quiet room his soul was wont to go out in poetry, its bareness does not deprive

HERDER MONUMENT

CITY CHURCH AND ALTAR WHERE HERDER PREACHED

it of interest. It is the garden room, overlooking the secluded little garden, or yard, where Goethe delighted to tread back and forth in deep meditation. Here he spent many a happy hour with his wife and son, and in later years with the friends of his daughter-in-law. The garden was used, too, for raising vegetables of his liking and for making botanical investigations. It, also, remains as in Goethe's days.

Now we go to another part of the house: to the study and the bedroom of the poet, which have remained exactly as they were on March 22, 1832, when Goethe ceased to use them. Two chairs are drawn to the table in the middle of the room, one used to be occupied by Goethe as he dictated to his secretary, Eckermann. His reference books within reach of his hand have remained untouched.

Still more dingy than the study is the little bedroom, cheerless and bare, poorer than most American laborers enjoy. The furniture consists of a common German bed with somber bedding, a little stand with basin and sponge, a medicine bottle, a coffee set, and the old armchair in which the poet died. In place of carpet there is a little piece of checkered matting in front of the bed. A bellrope at the head of the bed alone suggests that the occupant of this room was not poor in the extreme. One small window alone furnished

light, and the dying man's cry for "mehr licht" (more light) might be taken in a literal as well as a figurative sense. One can not refrain from a feeling of regret when looking at this room, to think that here one of the greatest men the world ever saw passed away calling for the light after which his mind had been struggling for a long lifetime.

The room, however, checks not the visitor in his admiration for the man and his work. Vast numbers of wreaths and garlands are brought every anniversary day of his birth by admiring men and women, for whom this is their only way of saying, "He was great."

The rooms with their simplicity and their artistic taste, just described so briefly, give to the visitor a good impression of the personality of the man. But to the students of Goethe, of far more importance are the numerous and varied collections, which were here gathered before the rich museums of Germany were in existence, for they give us an insight into the universality of the poet. There is scarcely an object in all these collections that would not be thankfully accepted by the foremost museums of the world to-day; but in all these objects there is a little personal history, they tell of an intellectual development that was probably never more harmoniously completed. They satisfied an irrepressible desire for

THE GOETHE HOUSE

THE MUSIC ROOM

intellectual nourishment in the realm of art, history, and science, and the best of that which they gave him passed into his work and remains there forever.

Although these collections alone could not be fully described in a long work, we must here give a brief idea of their scope and nature. In the line of art are the hand drawings, engravings, wood-cuts, and lithographs, about three thousand in number, exclusive of a large number of his own productions. The portrait collection is large and of great historical interest; there are busts of his contemporaries, as well as a fine collection of copies from antiques. There are medallions, and portrait-medallions in large numbers, together with some sixteen hundred copies of gems from antiquity. There are bronzes from Egyptian, Greek, and Roman sources as well as of early German times, and a rich selection of majolicas and enamels from the best and most varied sources of the world. This brief description of the Goethe house may give an idea of its contents and of its value for obtaining a scholarly comprehension of Goethe's intellectual life, learning, and work.

A few steps take us to the home of Schiller, the poet who knew poverty and wrote of liberty. This place, with rather a friendly appearance, was the poet's home only during the last few years

of his life. The family lived on the first floor, and here there is very little that is attractive; but up one flight of stairs we enter the apartments occupied by the poet himself. The first room is the parlor, which the friendly duchess furnished for him. It may have been regarded as elegant a hundred years ago; but to-day it seems simple and meager. The chief interest of the place lies in the study and bedroom, kept to-day as when Schiller occupied them. These rooms are even more meager than those of the Goethe house. The bedroom now contains only a table put there from the study to make room for the bed, which was partly drawn into the study when the end was at hand. Here, in these poverty-stricken surroundings, his noble spirit rose above the realities of life, and gave us lasting pictures of things ideal. Surely genius was never more handicapped. Poverty all his life deprived him of much that was almost necessary; poor health constantly interfered with his plans; all kinds of denials, and all sorts of restrictions came to break his spirit; but he conquered them all. A long-cherished desire to see the ocean was never realized; but where in all literature is there a better sea picture than "The Diver;" he longed for grand scenery like that of Switzerland, but never had the means to realize his hopes; yet with the help of Goethe's descriptions and his own wife's

From the Portrait by Graff

SCHILLER

recollections of the Alps, he has given the world in "William Tell," the truest and finest pictures of mountain scenery and Swiss life ever produced.

Finally the poverty he had always known began to vanish. He had just begun to enjoy what most men with long lives have never known: he was blessed with highest pleasures of tender and sympathetic love and friendship; he was beginning to realize that through his unspotted honor, his energy and perseverance, in spite of discouraging circumstances, he had gained a high place in the world, and had earned the love and gratitude of the German nation and of the whole world at large. Then, while at work on a new drama that promised to be one of his greatest, death ended the struggle which had been going on so long between the noble spirit and the shattered body that contained it.

The esteem in which he was held is probably nowhere better portrayed than in Goethe's epilogue to the "Song of the Bell," written for the memorial service of August 10, 1805, at which the "Bell" was dramatically presented.

"He was our own! May that inspiring thought
  The mighty pang of sorrow from us sever!
After the storm, safe to the haven brought,
  He might have dwelt with us, secure, forever.
The True, the Good, the Beautiful he sought,
  His noble spirit would not cease endeavor,
But left in wavering shadow, far behind,
  The meaner nature that subdues mankind."

Other homes are worthy of a visit, but none have as much interest as these two. North of the theater place there stands a house with a tablet stating that "Here dwelt Wieland," but the house is occupied, and it serves as no monument in the sense of the ones previously mentioned. The palace is insignificant in comparison with other royal homes, but interesting on account of the poet's rooms. The Herder room is adorned with paintings allegorically representing his various intellectual activities. The Schiller room is frescoed with scenes from seven of his great dramas. The Goethe room is beautified by numerous scenes from his best-known dramas and poems. And scenes from "Oberon" give a romantic tinge to the Wieland room.

The library, too, differs from most libraries in the numerous memorials of the great literary circle. There are busts of the four poets, and portraits in great array. Among them is Trippel's Goethe, in pure white marble, the most artistic gem of Weimar, giving the poet somewhat the features of Apollo. There is the Fürstenhaus, where the duke and duchess lived before the new palace was built, and where Goethe was so intimate; and close to this was the home of Frau von Stein, whose influence on Goethe appears in so many of his lyrics. Not far away is the "Widow's Palace," the residence of Anna Amalia, which

SCHILLER'S STUDY AND DEATH BED

SCHILLER ROOM, DUCAL PALACE

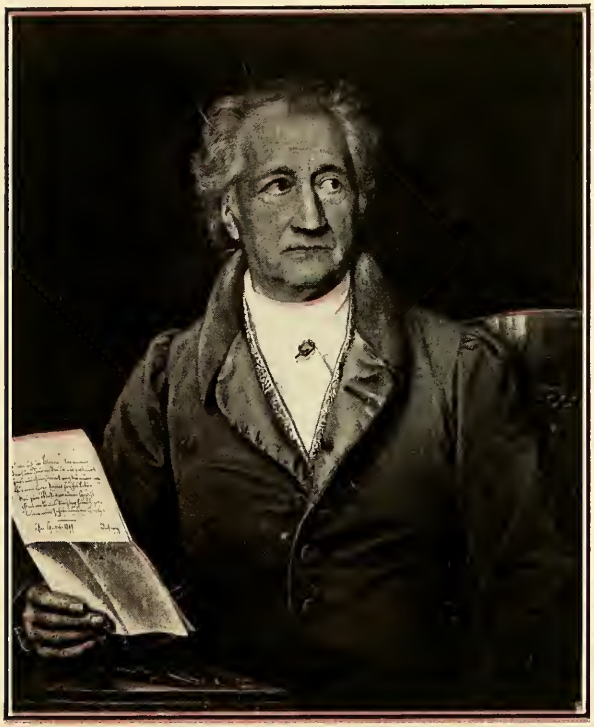
contains many interesting mementoes of the classic time, especially portraits. There is the great round table about which she gathered the literary lights of Germany. In fact, the whole place seems to be filled with the spirit of an intellectual princess, one of the finest and noblest of Germany's women, one whose name is held in the highest esteem. Right in the heart of the town, on the public square, stands the old house, where, two centuries before Goethe's time, there lived, wrought, and died, Lucas Cranach, a pioneer of German painting, and the artist of the Reformation.

On the southern edge of the city is another house, whose interest dates from a later period. It was long the home of the world's greatest pianist, Franz Liszt. Here it was that he befriended Wagner in the time of his despair, and to this home and friend fled Wagner after his troubles at Dresden; in this home was reared the girl who in 1870 became his wife, and who since his death has continued the Wagner festivals at Bayreuth. The house is packed full of valuable and interesting relics and mementoes of the great pianist.

Probably no other city of its size has so many monuments as Weimar. Besides the one already mentioned of Herder, there are several. The most beautiful, most striking, and grandest one is the double monument, erected in memory of the

"poet pair." It was modeled by Rietschel, and has been standing since 1854 in front of the old theater of which Goethe was so long the manager, and where Schiller's later dramas all first appeared. The two bronze figures stand there, holding a laurel wreath between them, Goethe looking straight into the world and the mysteries of life, Schiller looking upward into the ideal world to which his spirit delighted to soar. They hold the wreath in common, signifying thus the most pure and beautiful friendship the literary world has ever known,—both so grand, and yet so different in everything except in their striving after the true and the beautiful. Toward the southern side of the city, on a little square, rises a statue of Wieland, and in the park is an equestrian monument in memory of Karl August. Likewise in the park, in memory of a more recent citizen of Weimar, is a large monument to Liszt, with a large semicircular seat of beautiful white marble extending on either side of the base. Recently erected, it still tells of Weimar's pride in her men of artistic distinction.

To the south of the city lies the large cemetery containing the grand ducal vault, where lie the Weimar ducal dead for centuries past, and here, with these noble dead, lie, in laurel-covered coffins of oak, the remains of two Germans whose spirits were the noblest of the noble. Close by



From the Portrait by Stieler

GOETHE AND HIS GARDEN HOUSE

this vault is the small but exquisitely beautiful Russian Greek chapel, built for princess Maria Paulowna, who in 1804 was married to Karl August's son.

No visit to Weimar is complete without a stroll through the park, a creation of Goethe, in the arrangement of which he took great pleasure. His labors there probably were the prototype of many of the scenes in the last act of "Faust." Southward it extends from the palace, with all its charm of hillside, valley, and stream. A winding path leading from the palace gate to the westward soon opens into the Belvedere Allé, a beautiful avenue of chestnut trees, stretching two miles away, to the summer palace of Belvedere, with its charming garden and park. Another road, passing to the eastern side of the stream, leads through noble trees, and is charmed by —

> "The sound of a hidden brook
> In the leafy month of June,
> Which to the quiet trees all night
> Singeth a quiet tune."

A little further on is Goethe's garden house, beautiful in location, but meager and miserable in all its appointments. Yet it was for seven years good enough for the court favorite and minister. A tablet in the yard tells of its dedication to Frau von Stein, and during those years, before the larger house in the town was given to him, he con-

nected every portion of this place with some thought of her. Here it was that he secluded himself for work of the most arduous kind. The Ilm runs through the meadow right in front of it. The town, although close at hand, is shut out by the numerous trees, and the solitude is broken only by occasional sound of the church clock, by music from the barracks, or by some passing vehicle. Here he studied and wrote, cultivated his garden, and made many of the observations and experiments that have made him a scientist of high rank. He was attached to the place, and here the poet escaped from the duties and trials of the court. Here the duke was constantly with him, often sitting until late into the night, and often sleeping on the sofa, instead of going home. Here both duke and duchess frequently came to dine with him, always in the utmost simplicity.

Right across the stream from this little house is another, even more cheap and commonplace, the Bark-house, named after the manner of its construction. It was built by Goethe as a part of a festival in honor of the duchess, but it afterward became a favorite abode of the duke, when he wanted solitude and seclusion. A hut of one room it is, surrounded by a wooden gallery, and approached by rough wooden steps. Here for months at a time the duke sought relief from the restraints of etiquette; here he received his min-

BELVEDERE

THE WEIMAR THEATRE

isters and councillors, the one room serving as dining-room, council-room, study, and bedroom.

The interesting places thus far mentioned are all in the city and park; but an outer circle should by no means be passed over. Belvedere, with its avenue, park, and natural theater, was one of the most attractive places for all the court. Tiefurt, connected by a fine wooded road, lies to the east, and is, with its tiny little rooms, a perfect curiosity of diminutiveness. This was the summer home of the Duchess Amalia. The palace, woods, and park of Ettersburg are an hour's drive to the north; and with both these places were connected many of the merriest and brightest events of Weimar's brilliant period. At both places amateur theatricals were vigorously carried on. Still farther away, but yet closely connected with Weimar, is Jena, which was, with its university, to science what Weimar was to poetry. To Jena must be added Ilmenau, Eisenach, the Thuringian forests, and the Saale valley, environs attractive to any lover of nature.

The buildings that I have already described are old, but they are kept as they used to be. They tell of the glory that has passed away; but on the hillside overlooking the city is a new building, new and massive, recently erected by the duchess. It is the Goethe-Schiller Archives. It is modern in design and purpose, which is to make Weimar

the chief seat for study of the works of not only Goethe and Schiller, but of great literary men in general. It is library and workroom combined, and is intended for the use of specialists in the study of German literature. It will probably soon contain the best Goethe and Schiller library in the world, and already the private libraries of several prominent literary men have been presented to it.

Let us all hope that it may be the link connecting the glorious past with a hopeful future, and may it be the means of transferring the spirit of Goethe and Schiller to the future authors of Germany.

LIBRARY of the
Massachusetts
Agricultural
College.